

# THE GOAT

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"B"



ROYAL MONTHLY CHRONICLE  
CANADIAN DRAGOONS

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

PRICE 10 CENTS

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

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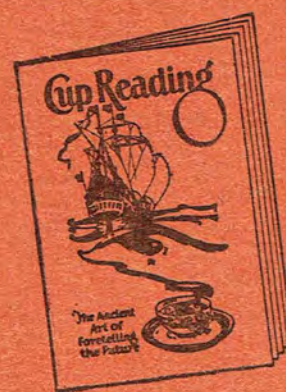
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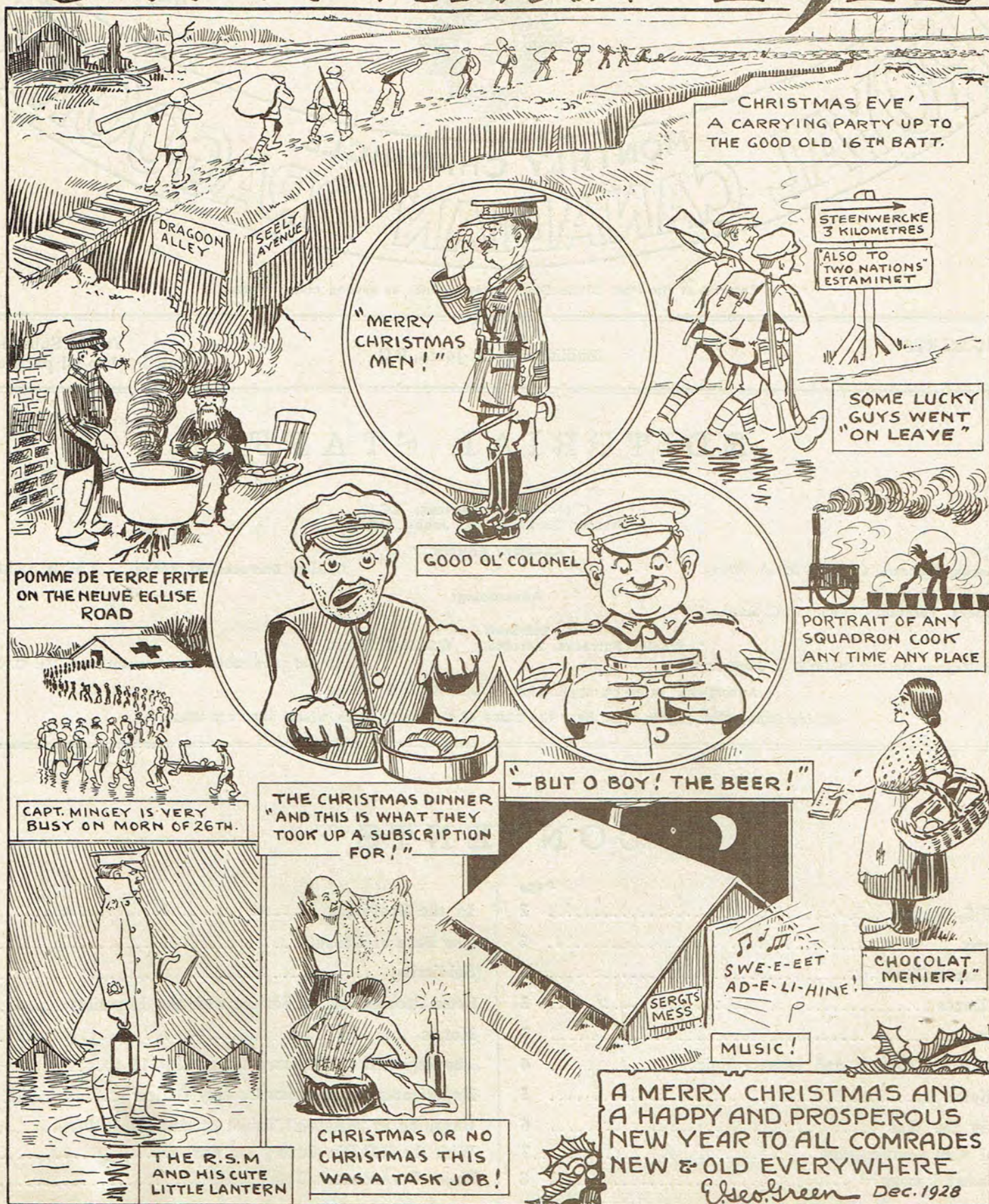
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# Christmas 1915



Scenes depicted of the R.C.D's. while in the trenches in front of Messines and at Rest Billets around Neuve Eglise.



## Editor's Notes.

With the publication of this issue we come to the end of another year and we feel sure our readers will agree with us when we say that each issue has been an improvement of the previous one. At least we think so. During the year we have undoubtedly made mistakes, costly ones at that, but we have profited by them and we look forward to the coming year with increased enthusiasm.

The success of your magazine being our greatest concern, it is only natural that we should try and impress you all with the necessity of giving us your full support; not only by renewing your subscriptions when they expire, but by securing new subscribers. We are aware that at this season we should be talking about the Spirit of Christmas, Goodwill, etc., but right at this moment there is very little around the office here, that suggests even remotely the Christmas Spirit. To us it's an illusion; there's too much work to be done. Of course with a "little" imagination one could take the sound of the Squadron marching past to be the footfall of reindeer, but we don't happen to be gifted with this happy faculty. We're too busy with work-a-day problems, such as ways and means of increasing the advertising from Toronto.

Included in this issue are a number of illustrations of the Regiment in England and France. Many of them have appeared before, but it is considered that they will appeal to many of the Old Comrades, especially those who have recently become subscribers. We trust that all will enjoy them. We must say a word about our Colonel-in-Chief, the King.

As we go to press his condition permits us to hope that the crisis is passed and that he will daily improve and live to reign over his people for a long time to come.

Finally we wish our Old Comrades, Contributors, Friends and Advertisers,

**A Merry Christmas  
and  
A Happy New Year.**



NORTH POLE.

Editor, 'THE GOAT'

St. Johns, Que.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I received your message sent over Capt. Wood's new radio asking me not to forget the boys and girls at the Barracks in St. Johns and Toronto. At first I thought I would not be able to come but as my new airship has arrived I think I will be able to see them all on December 21st about 3 o'clock. Tell them all to be sure and be on time as I will not be able to wait very long.

I was glad to hear you have some new children at the Barracks and I hope that Masters Frank Wardell and Peter Jewkes will be there as I have something special for them.

Tell Capt. Wood to have the chimney well cleaned as the last time Mr. Chadwick made a very poor job of it and I can't afford to buy a new suit every year.

SANTA CLAUS

## Masquerade Dance.

What can be called the best dance of the season was held in the Gymnasium on Dec. 7th. A good crowd attended and many costumes were in evidence which made the dance such a success. Mrs. W. T. C. Ellis as "Kodak" carried off the first prize for ladies, her costume consisting of a Kodak headgear and numerous snaps covering the costume to form the name of the costume represented. It is interesting to note that this is the fifth year that a costume designed by Q.M.S. "Nobby" Ellis has won first prize. Miss Valle as R.C.D. took the second prize for ladies. The "Two Black Crows" in convict garb presented by Cpl. Wheeler, and Pte. Ward, easily won the first prize for men, and their antics were a scream. Sgt. Coulter as a comedy Turk took second. There were many costumes of note, and the judges had their work cut out to decide the winners. A good brand of music was furnished by the Merry Makers Orchestra. Paper hats, balloons and horns were distributed to those who were not in costume. The committee is to be congratulated on its efforts, which made the evening so enjoyable.

## Bytown Bits.

**Held Reunion**—The annual dinner of the Officers of the 3th Battalion C.E.F. was held on the evening of the 17th of November in the mess room of the 38th Ottawa Highlanders. The dinner has always been held on the date nearest to the 18th being the anniversary of the action at Deser and Regina trenches in 1916, when the battalion lost very heavily. The chair was taken by Colonel C. M. Edwards D.S.O., the original commander of the unit and there was a large turn-out of former officers of the regiment. Speeches were made by General J. H. MacBrien and others.

**United Service Institute**—Keeping in line with other large military centres in Canada, Ottawa is soon to have a United Service Institute. At a largely attended meeting of the officers of the gar-



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rison held recently in the mess of the P.L.D.G., it was decided to go right ahead with the formation of the organization. The chair was taken by Brigadier W. B. Anderson, D.S.O., commanding M.D. No. 3 who explained the advantages of such an organization and told of the work carried on in other cities. A strong committee headed by Col. L. P. Sherwood A.D.C., commanding the 2nd Mounted Brigade was formed and it is expected that the first formal meeting of the organization will take place during the first part of January.

**Guards Inspection**—His Excellency the Viscount Willingdon, honorary colonel of the Governor General's Foot Guards, carried on the annual inspection of his regiment for the second time since his arrival in Canada at the drill hall on Nov. 23rd. A numerous gallery witnessed the event which was a most striking one. The scarlet tunics of all ranks with their bearskins added color to a scene long to be remembered. Promptly at 8 30 o'clock Their Excellencies arrived at the drill hall accompanied by Lt.-Col. H. Willis O'Connor, Capt. Ralph Rayner A.D.C., and Capt. R. Fiennes, A.D.C. Received with a Royal Salute His Excellency almost immediately carried out his inspection accompanied by Lt.-Col. Toop, D.S.O., M.C., of the Guards and preceded by Capts. Rayner and Fiennes and followed by Brig. W. B. Anderson, C.M.C., D.S.O., D.O.C., M.D., 3. Lt.-Col. W. G. Beeman, D.S.O., R.C.A., general staff officer and Lt.-Col. C. R. E. Willets, D.S.O., assistant Adj. and Q.M.G. After the regiment was inspected there followed a march past by companies, subsequent to which the regiment advanced in review order.

**H.Q. Changes**—Brigadier-Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, C.M.G., D.S.O., district officer commanding No. 11 military district, with headquarters at Victoria, B.C., will be succeeded in that post by Brigadier J. Sutherland Brown, C.M.G., D.S.O., formerly director of military operations. General McNaughton becomes chief of staff in succession to Maj.-Gen. H. C. Thacker, C.B., who retires at the beginning of the new year. A previous report was circulated that the adjutant-general, Major-General Henri Panet,

C.B., was retiring and that that post would be filled by Brigadier-Gen. Sutherland Brown, who is now attending the Imperial Staff College in England.

Colonel C. H. Hill, D.S.O., the Royal Canadian Regiment, will vacate the appointment of director of organization and personal services on May 1, 1929, and will take over the appointment of assistant adjutant and quartermaster-gen. M.D., No. 2, at Toronto, vice Lieut. Col. W. Rhoades, D.S.O., M.C., R.C.D., retired on pension. Col. Hill will be succeeded by Lieut.-Col. Boak, D.S.O., now commanding the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery Brigade at Kingston, Ont. The successor to Lieut.-Col. Boak is Lieut. Col. C. Stewart, D.S.O., R.C.A., Halifax, N.S.

**Credit Where Due**—Recent military men coming to Ottawa have been loud in their praise of the smart and soldier-like appearance of the members of the Royal Canadian Air Force. These lads altho belonging to the last formed branch of the P.F., have been the recipients of much praise from visitors to the Capital for their snappy turn out. Always erect their buttons and shoes shining and their brisk walk singles these lads out. If a man wear a uniform he should wear it so as to show it off and display it with pride of his unit always uppermost. A sloppy soldier reflects mighty little honor to his corps.

**Gave Dinner Party**—Officers of the Third Signal Battalion, Canadian Corps of Signals, held an informal dinner at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club in honor of Maj.-Gen. J. H. MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., formerly chief of the general staff in the Department of National Defence; president of the Aviation League of Canada and managing director of International Airways of Canada, who was recently appointed honorary colonel of the Third Signal Battalion. Lt.-Col. A. W. Beament, officer commanding, presided.

**At Winter Fair**—A number of out-of-town Officers took part in the Ottawa Winter Fair including Brigadier C. F. Constantine, D.S.O., Commandant R.M.C., Major R. S. Timmis, Capt. S. C. Bate and Lieut. C. C. Mann all R.C.D., Lt.

de H. Panet, R.C.H.A., and Lt. R. Richmond L.S.H. (R.C.) The dashing figure of Captain Lawrence Hammond was much missed by the regulars.

**Held Reception**—The Officer Commanding and Officers of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards were the hosts at a perfectly appointed reception in the Mess Rooms on the evening of the 6th instant, held in honor of the Horse Show visitors. The guests were received by Lieut. Colonel F. B. Inkster and Mrs. Inkster and a wonderful time was spent.

**Entertained at Dinner**—Colonel L. P. Sherwood, V.D., A.D.C., commanding the 2nd Mounted Brigade entertained at dinner on the 6th instant at the Royal Ottawa Club in honor of Brigadier W. B. Anderson, C.M.G., commanding M.D. No. 3. The guests included Lieut.-Col. Beresford Topp, G.G.F.G., Lt. Col. F. B. Inkster, P.L.D.G., Maj. G. Macfarlane, 38th Highlanders, Maj. W. Ross, M.G.C. Lieut. Fraser Hadley, le Regiment de Hull, Lieut. Col. W. A. Blue, Col. A. B. Gillies, O.B.E. Lieut. Col. A. W. Beament, Signals, Lieut. Col. T. A. Williams, 1st Artillery Brigade Major F. H. Emra, Engineers. Lt. Commander Edson Sherwood, R.C.N.V.R., Maj. Frank Campbell, C.A.S.C., Lieut. Col. W. Mcgloughlin, 38th Highlanders, Lieut. Col. W. G. Beeman, D.S.O., and Maj. J. L. Melville, 2nd Mounted Brigade.

**Receives Promotion**—Capt. W. G. Ross 3rd C.M.G., Battalion has been promoted Major in Command of the Ottawa Company, Major Ross has had close on 30 years service, having joined the Militia prior to the South African war in which he served. He also saw service in the Great War from 1914 to 1919.

## Canadian Team at Toronto.

**Open Class**

(115 Entries.) First horses kept out for the International. 'Lucifer' and 'General Toby' each had 1 point against them.

**First International**

All 3 horses 'Bucephalus' (Tim-



mis) 'Golden Gleam' (Bate.) and 'Sergeant Murphy' (Hammond) had 3 points against them. The triple bars defeated 5 out of the 6 horses. Total for Canada 9. Total for U.S.A. 6½. Major Chamberlin, Lieut. Argo and Lieut. Bradford rode for U.S.A.

#### Officers' Chargers.

"General Toby" (Timmis) 3rd U.S.A. got 1st, 2nd and 4th.

#### Officers' International Open

'Bucephalus' and five U.S. horses made clean and in the run off the Canadian horse repeated the first performance; all the five U.S. horses faulted from ½ to 2 points 'Bucephalus' therefore won. Remainder of the Canadian team horses had 2 or 3 ticks each.

#### Touch and Out Stakes

Only 2 horses entered—'Golden Gleam' and 'Lucifer' (Bate.) 'Lucifer' made clean and ran off with two other horses for 1st place and won. 'Golden Gleam' ticked on last gate and tied for 5th place and got 6th ribbon.

#### Hunt Teams

Our first horses made a clean on first round but 'Golden Gleam' and 'Sergeant Murphy' made a fault on second round.

#### Pairs.

One pair entered. 'General Toby' and 'Batchelor's Gold' (Mann.) Each horse made 1 tick. Placed 7th.

#### Corinthian Class

One entry—'Lucifer' 1 point only.

#### Middle-Weight Hunters

Two entries—'Lucifer' and 'General Toby.' Both clean.

#### Amateur Middle-Weight Hunters

'General Toby', clean. 'Lucifer' fell over the brush and hurt his rider (Bate) which affected him in the International Contest that followed.

#### 2nd International

'Bucephalus' ½. 'Sergeant Murphy' 1, 1, ½—2½

'Golden Gleam' 1, 2, 1,—4. Total 7. U.S.A. 7. Draw.

#### Stakes Class

'Sergeant Murphy' 3 ticks. 'Lucifer', 'Bucephalus' and 'Golden Gleam' all had a hind knock down. otherwise clean. One clean performance won the Class.

#### N.C.O's Jumping

1st S.S.M. Lyne, R.C.A.V.C. 2nd Corporal Galloway 'B', R.C.D. 3rd Trooper Rutherford, 'B' R.C.D. 4th Sergeant Blake, 'A', R.C.D., 5th S.S.M. Tamlyn, 'A', R.C.D.

#### Lady's Hunters

'Golden Gleam' and 'Lucifer', both clean. 'Lucifer' got 4th.

#### 5 ft. Stake

One entry—'Lucifer' 2 ticks and 1 refusal, total 3. Two points got in the ribbons.

#### Final International

'Bucephalus' ½, 'Golden Gleam' ½, 'Sergeant Murphy' ½, 1, 1,—2½. Total 3½. U.S.A. (Chamberlain and Bradford) 5.

Canada won the third contest by 1½ points, but lost the Grand Aggregate by 1 point (18½-19½) and the Premier Ferguson Cup went to the U.S.A. Major George rode in the place of Lieut. Argo who was ill.

#### OTTAWA WINTER FAIR 1928

The R.C.D. Team sent to Ottawa (without expense to the public) consisted of:—

Major Timmis with Bucephalus and General Toby. Capt. Bate with Golden Gleam and Lucifer, and Lieut. Mann with Bobs and Batchelor's Gold.

**Heavy and Middle weight Hunters**—Lucifer 4th, Toby 5th. (40% conformation)

**Touch and Out Class**—Lucifer, Bucephalus, Toby, Batchelor's Gold.

Sifton horse and S.S.M. Betts made clean. In run off Toby won. Batchelor's Gold 2nd, Bucephalus 3rd, Lucifer 4th, Betts 5th.

**Handy Hunter Class**—Lucifer and Toby went clean, but faulted when led over the last jump.

**Open Military Class**—7 cleans, Bucephalus, Golden Gleam, Bobs and Batchelor's Gold. In run off Bucephalus won, Golden Gleam 2nd, Batchelor's Gold 3rd, Bobs

4th Toby had half a fault.

**Military Teams**—Royal Canadian Dragoons won. Toby 3 ticks; Golden Gleam 2 ticks; Bobs 0. Total 3½ points.

**Triple Bars**—Bucephalus, Golden Gleam, Black Douglas (Bate up) and Going Up clean. In run off, the first three went clean again. As Bate had two horses to ride it was agreed to tie and draw for the prizes. Bate drew first and second, Golden Gleam and Black Douglas respectively, Bucephalus drawing third money.. Batchelor's Gold got 5th ribbon.

**Hunt Teams**—Lucifer. (Miss Ruth Cowans up), Toby and Bobs got second. In our other team Golden Gleam went clean, but Bucephalus and Batchelor's Gold both had a knock down.

**Lightweight Hunters**—Golden Gleam won against the O'Connor and Sifton horses.

**Horses suitable for hunters**—Batchelor's Gold got 3rd.

**Pairs**—One entered. Toby and Batchelor's Gold went clean, but lost few points in distance.

**Stakes Class**—Bucephalus and The Wizard (Sifton) tied with clean, over a special course. In the run off Bucephalus made half fault and won against Sifton's knockdown on the last jump.

#### Chicago Notes.

Ex-Trooper Meade was a welcome visitor at the Indian Hill Riding Club the other day. He came down from the Onwentsia Hunt Club where he has had charge of a string of horses to see Major Nordheimer, and was surprised to see Ex-Sergeant F. Waters who is Assistant Instructor at the Club. Meade is looking exceedingly fit and is in hopes of another strike at Cape Breton, where his driving will again be in great demand.

I had lunch with "Burglar" Bray a few weeks ago, and found him much occupied in the realm of finance. "Burglar" reports the formation of a Badminton Club on the south side where he lives, and invited me out for game in the near future.

#### "Darmouth versus Northwestern University"

What was considered the big local game of the year, was played

on Saturday Nov. 24th at the Northwestern Stadium in Evanston, Ill. between Darmouth University and Northwestern University. Being considered one of the East's powerful teams Darmouth was picked by the experts to win from their less experienced opponents, but, like so many games this year, the critics were all astray, and Northwestern defeated their rivals 28—6.

I must admit that American football grows on one, and I enjoyed the games I saw this year, far more than the one I saw last season. In spite of the many line plays, the forward pass is becoming increasingly effective, and corresponds to a great extent, to our own "onside kick." Northwest-



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ern University used this play frequently, and contented themselves with short passes over the line scrimmage, which were most effective and proved sure ground gainers. Darmouth tried this offensive method without much success, the only long pass of the game by Darmouth, resulting in a 45 yard run for a touch down. The punting in this game was the best I have seen this year and in length and accuracy was certainly up to the Canadian standard. 48,000 people saw the contest and provided all the usual college atmosphere.

#### Hunting Season Closes for 1928

The local Hunting Season came to an end with the last run of the Onwentsia Hunt, on Tuesday Dec. 4th. The season has been a very successful one, and thoroughly enjoyed both a tOwentsia, where the stiffer jumps caused several tumbles, and at Longmeadow Hunt, Winnetka, where the majority of members are from the Indian Hill Riding Club.

The Longmeadow Hunt, under the leadership of C. Colton Daughaday, M.F.H., is in its infancy as yet, but has had a very successful season. The hounds ran well and a lot of new territory was taken in. The Master very rightly, encourages beginners by making the fences low, and consequently the attendance is much better than it would otherwise be. Usually a run of two hours is indulged in, and during this time as many as 60 jumps have been taken, no mean test for any horse, even if they are not high. The scarcity of good hunters continues and a well mannered horse that is a consistent performer, commands a big price.

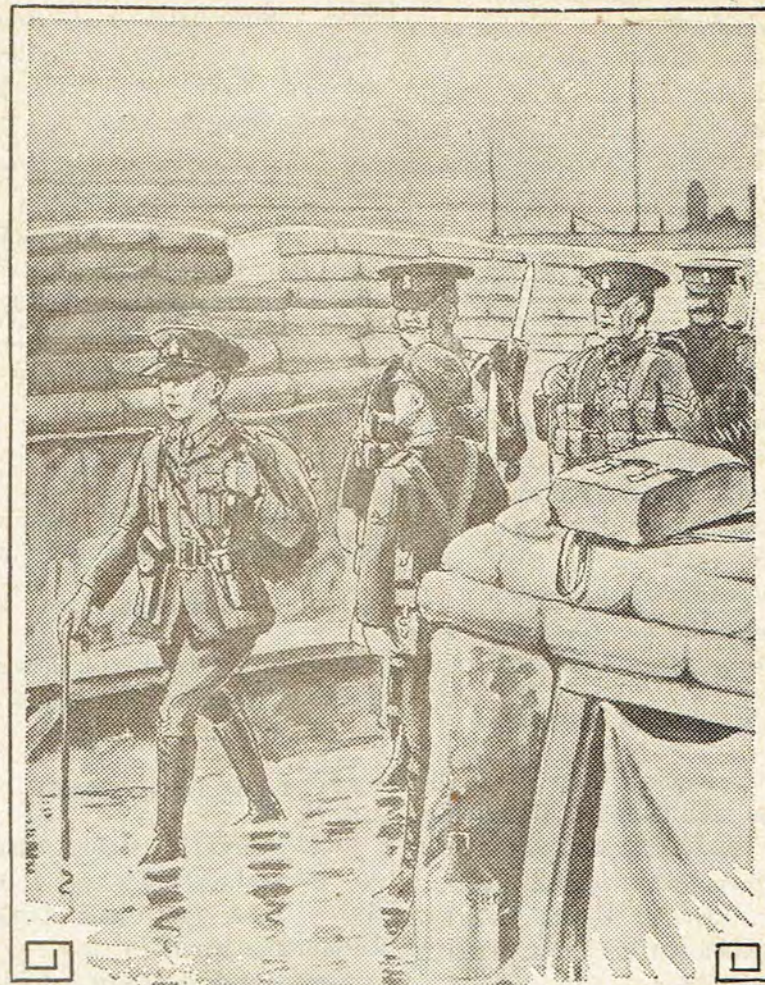
The Indian Hill Riding Club continues to expand rapidly, and has now some 50 horses stabled for the winter. A large addition has been completed with 12 roomy box stalls, store room and new tack room. Riding is increasingly popular and 25 new members were taken in during October.

#### Christmas Afternoon

(In the Home of a Mental Efficiency Expert)

Mother: Shush! Children you must be quiet. Your father's gone to his room to ignore the January bills.

## Prince of Wales in the War.



Wales' arrival at the front, sketched by Green

BY E. GEORGE GREEN

Former Trumpeter, Second Troop,  
 C Squadron Royal Canadian  
 Dragoons

A dismounted Canadian cavalry squadron, we were holding the line at Cuinchy, France, which was on the La Basse front, one evening late in June, 1915.

It had been a beastly day. A cold, steady drizzle had fallen since dawn, churning the thick mud into a soupy substance which soaked through puttees, shoes and socks, chilling the skin.

But the troop was happy. The evening "hate" salvos by field guns, which were the only audible proof that a war was on, had already been exchanged, and we were about to be relieved.

I was at my regular post, watching a bleak, lifeless landscape, patiently awaiting the relieving troops. It seemed that they would never come, those blessed fellows who would take our place while we, tired and war weary, would retire to the rear to rest and be rehabilitated. Then I heard them.

A steady, monotonous "Slup—slup—slup." These were no ordinary troops on an orderly march in the mud and quagmire of the front. The Canadians stuck to no such niceties of military practice in the actual combat sectors. And then, as the newcomers swung into the front line trench, I knew. They were the Guards! The Grenadiers Guards! Without their flaming red tunics and enormous busbies, dripping with moisture and caked with mud the brigade of Guards was still imposing, a per-

fect machine of marching men, each six feet or more in height.

Before them marched a young subaltern, rosy cheeked and handsome as a picture. Just a boy, he looked quite military as he swung his cane and led his men by.

Hardly had the tall infantry gone by when my own troop officer rushed up rather excitedly.

"Did you see that young subaltern?" he gasped.

"Yessir," I answered.

"Did you know who he was?"

"Nosir."

"Well," said the officer, swelling a bit with the importance of his news, "that was the Prince of Wales!"

Thus did the young man who will mount the throne of the greatest empire in the world as Edward VIII come to the wars.

Tel. 557

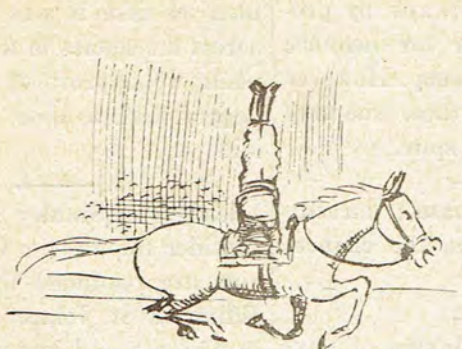
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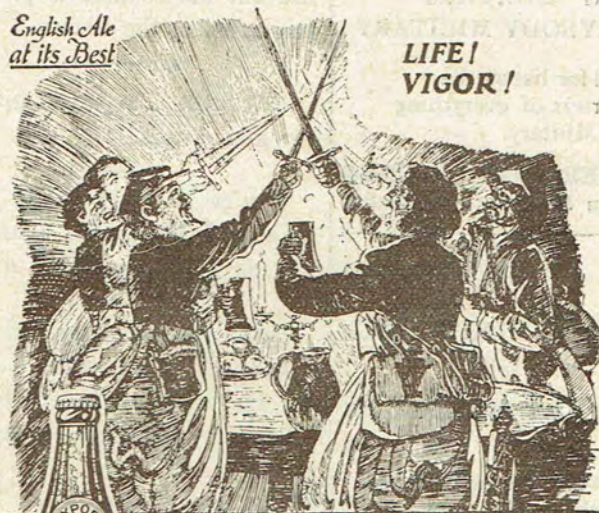
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## You Know What I Mean.

If you think the cooking in the  
mess is bad, try the coffee-bar.—  
Adv't.

Don't forget to patronize those  
who make this publication possible.

We are pleased to state that  
among the men who are taking a  
great interest in the affairs of the  
barracks is Tpr. (Spellbinder)  
White.

The "Count" (famed for his  
knowledge of world politics) has  
finished his Christmas shopping.

Tpr. Watson has returned to the  
barracks to live.

While some of us are purchasing  
expensive Christmas gifts, most of  
us feel it's the spirit that counts.

Since Bill Jewkes has been put-  
ting sawdust on the floor in the  
canteen there is no incentive to use  
the spittoons.

When you do your Christmas  
shopping don't forget the advertis-  
ers in THE GOAT as they make  
this publication possible also that  
the writer has plenty of socks and  
ties but his sweater is pretty well  
run down at the elbows.

Buy your Christmas gifts from  
our advertisers.

You're a wonderful, player,  
George, I really don't know how  
you do it, but you DO it alright.

Have you ever noticed the pe-  
culiar way Q.M.S. Ellis has of giv-  
ing the most commonplace things  
an appearance of great importance  
and dignity? We have.

The writer was charged recently  
with having been seen in town with  
his hands in his pockets. This is  
a serious charge to bring against a  
soldier, even worse than having  
your hands in other people's  
pocket.

We congratulate the Canteen  
Committee on rejecting the motion  
to install a radio in the canteen.  
If we are to keep up with the times  
the next thing you know they'll be  
wanting a television set.

Soldiers are not always 'by pro-  
fession.' The writer for instance  
only makes it his hobby. However  
that's not as bad as those who only  
seem to soldier for spite.

If your name hasn't already  
been mentioned here the chances  
are it never will.

Sgt. Jewkes is thinking of buy-  
ing a radio. Don't let 'em Jew you,  
Bill, is our advice.

We wish to advise the Montreal  
Star that the "Silver Knight of  
Canada" is a St. Johns' boy, and  
that our city should receive the cre-  
dit for making their "Margaret  
Currie" column so popular.

The Men's Library have had  
their pool table recovered, which  
reflects great credit on their enter-  
prising young secretary, L/Cpl.  
Mundell.

Some people are saying the  
"Count" drinks a lot of beer, but  
he takes it all with a "grain" of  
salt.

If you want to keep posted on  
what goes on in Second Troop sub-  
scribe to THE GOAT.

"Jock" Henderson recently re-  
turned from a visit to New Yawk,  
Toronto, Ottawa and several stops  
between the latter city and St.  
Johns.

Now that scientists claim there  
is alcohol in the air Bill Jewkes  
will be hard put for an answer to  
the old question, "Anything free  
tonight, Bill?"

The suspenders kept in the Q.M.  
Stores are most unsatisfactory.  
Perhaps it's because they come in  
plaid and tartan patterns that they  
do not give.

The writer has done all his  
Christmas shopping.

Now that Mundell has been  
transferred to 3rd Troop what  
chance has the 2nd Troop Hockey  
and Football teams got?

As an inducement to buying a  
radio for the canteen it was said  
that a loud speaker could be in-  
stalled in each of the barrack rooms  
so that those who do not visit the  
canteen would also benefit. The

idea we take it was to run lines  
across the square to the rooms, and  
while we approve of it we would  
suggest that a pipe line also be  
laid.

Readers in Stanley Barracks who  
consider this to be a Quebec maga-  
zine are reminded that the Asst.  
Editor in St. Johns, once resided  
in Toronto and has never yet got  
over it.

Have another?

L/Cpl. Jennings went on the tack  
last week.

The writer, having been recent-  
ly transferred to 3rd Troop, has  
decided to buy a lock for his trunk.

Our sanctum is being invaded  
quite frequently these days, and  
our stock is running low.

And so to bed.

W.C.M.

## In the Spot Light. Toronto.

Now that the Winter Fair is  
over the question is "Was the  
Winter Fair?"

A post season in souvenir hunt-  
ing was declared in St. Johns from  
November 20 till he comes back.

St. Johns may have their "Silv-  
er Knight," but we have our "Lost  
Rider."

With all due respect to the gen-  
tleman who extracts himself from  
out of a straight-jacket, our un-  
stinted admiration goes out to the  
Musical Ride coming out of the  
Shanghai Cross on the night of the  
29th.

The "Lost Rider" gave a pa-  
thetic display of brotherly love  
when he attached himself to an-  
other ride and hung doggedly on.

Suggestion for a good Musical  
Ride:—Enter in sections or any  
other way, do a right and left turn  
passing bridle hand to bridle hand;  
a short figure of eight and then  
line up for the charge. This to  
be done at the walk and may be  
repeated two or three times if ne-  
cessary and if there are any people  
left.



We feel that the refusal of Guelph to have a Ride for their Fair was in some measure due to two of their committee being present on the night of the 29th. As one was heard to remark "We cannot be responsible for any of them getting lost so far from home."

The lighting effect was excellent, but how infinitely better to do the ride in the dark, and call them The Night Riders.

But that might be misunderstood.

As one horse said to another 'Let your light so shine, etc.'

The "Pickle Boat" was in his element, and in one instance rose to such oratorical heights as to order one rider to "Put his 'at on.

As regards the Musical Ride, we are told that the seven rides previous to the one of the 29th were very good, but as we were only able to attend on the 29th, and all good journalists write mostly from their own experience.....

We are pleased to notice the presence of Windy-Guts once again.

We know now where those bales of straw went; into the cook-house to be served out as cabbage.

Having spent five weeks in Christie (We couldn't swing it any longer) studying that perplexing problem "Why Soldiers go Sick," we feel that we can give one of the reasons the fact that one doesn't get chicken three times a week in Barracks, at least we hope Smithy hasn't the nerve to call it that.

An important function held at Lindsay at a date too recent to be overlooked required the services of four best men and six chauffeurs. No..... it was not a funeral..... Both doing well.

A rumour is rampant that a request made to Duffy to make a large box to hold the trophies won by the invading contingent from "A" Squadron was hastily withdrawn much to Duffy's disgust.

We will donate a Flannell Lined Nickle Plated Coffee Pot to the clever person who informs us of

the identity of Zephyr and Debout.  
"BULLER."

## THE BOOK OF DEBOUT

### Chapter I

Once on a time in the halcyon days of doughty warriors, there was in the province of On in the great land of Can, an legion of Centaur-like men who rode on steeds of high mettle.

These stern and God-like warriors were wont to do in their hours of leisure an compleat series of figures accompanied by a strange and sweet musick, and these evolutions had become justly famed in many lands and great concourses of the people delighted to gather together to oversee all such. Year by year they had gone on from strength to strength, gaining fame on fame, until their might had been told even across the seas.

One day alas, in a fit of abstraction one yeleft Koap replaced an great departed by one Zephyr, an man of agitation who had been set in high places by some reason the Lord wots not of.

This Zephyr, he of the House of Sighing Winds was a timid and peace revering man who in no wise fitted in with the Rydes of Musick, and was becoming an menace to his brethern even to colliding with many of them, including he of the kin of Simp. This Simp, was an justly irate and furious man and told the tale to the Sarj-Mahp. who punished all by giving all the glorious company various gatherings also called rehearsals.

Many were the mutterings and words of invective against the man Zephyr, and I Debout say unto you that no matter the greatness of thy warriors and their skill and the courage of their hearts, an timid and woman-like man will despoil and mar their exhibitions before the GREAT PUBLICK.

DEBOUT.

## IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS

First Executioner: Good friend what say ye to a flowing tankard of ale?

Second Executioner: Go to, varlet! December is right nigh upon us, and I have full many tasks to do!

First: Full many tasks? Where-

fore?

Second: Aye, full many. I must needs behead that scurvy knave, John Boll, that stole the pig from Widow Crom, and likewise that villain, Dick Tanner, that did make so bold as to jest of the King.

Second: Aye, they must, sire, and so, too, must that ne'er do-well jester who failed to move the Queen to mirth.

First: But those are but three.

Second: Nay, there's two turned traitor to the Duke's cause, a wench that loved not wisely, and mayhap a dozen small-fry thieves.

First: But all of these I trow, were not to die until Christmas Day.

Second: Addleplate! Where hast thou been this twelve-month? Know ye not that the King has decreed that we, his executioners, must do our Christmas chopping early?

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# Soldiering.

(Continued)

By F. W. Powell.

## Rain, Mud and Filth-Birds

The necessary watering of horses became a menace to those few who set any store by the accounts heard of a never-never land somewhere or other where all is peace and love and joy and boredom. As always, one man takes two horses along to the river and returns with murder in his heart. Those damned silly water-buckets again. Totally impractical. The sensible solution was to erect watering troughs but as none seemed interested in the question we continued to use the buckets that either leaked in a most distressing manner or refused to "stay put" long enough for the horse to get a half decent drink. The profanity encountered during the watering period is enough to start immediately a flock of earnest young missionaries on a job that shall know no ending.

Even in dry weather LeMesge is undesirable but why be fanciful? What know we of dry weather? As I've said before, "Sunny France" is a most regrettable misrepresentation. LeMesge is in France, is it not? During our sojourn there it rained upon six of the necessary seven days that go to complete a full week. This is very conservative estimate. Mind you it must not be supposed that I regard this to be normal weather in this fair land. We, or rather they who style themselves "Can-eye-dians" are entirely responsible. We are favoured of the gods and that Johnny detailed on Olympus for the special purpose of distributing rain sees to it that these self-same "Can-eye-dians" from over home are nearer that blessed place than they imagine. Hence the abnormal rainfall. This explanation reflects the greatest credit upon the writer who has spent ten years solving the problem of why such damnable weather during the war.

Looking back at those LeMesge days comforts me for I see myself in possession of more intelligence than some will admit. Take the "Bivvy" situation. The men who looked beyond their noses

erected their frail habitations on the higher slopes of the valley. In consequence, we (thus including myself) never knew the exact meaning of 'marooned.' The unwise virgins who located themselves in the bed of the valley had this experience. An otherwise dull morning, was brightened by the sight of these luckless wights surrounded by cold, deep, water from which there was no escape. To join their sympathetic companions they were obliged to flounder through it. Pete Merriks often suffered this humiliation and there was none to grieve with him. One got quite a kick from listening to Pete puffing like a grampus (Whatever that is. Saw it in print somewhere and find it worthy of repetition) and cursing everything and everybody in or out of sight. Why the devil he failed to profit by his experiences is something he alone can answer. Pete, anyhow, always had the happy faculty for doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. Good old Scout, Pete, for all that. He occasioned many a laugh. Green, (E.G.G.) attained notoriety if not fame with his masterly drawing of Pete barging into a hard, unyielding, stone wall with his nose and uttering that individual 'Woof' of his.

The gentle rain continued to fall upon the land that was rapidly losing all resemblance to such and it became necessary to transfer horses from the valley to higher ground atop the slope. Three times daily were the brutes led (?) down this slope and across their old stand to the river. This old stand, by the way, was nothing but a treacherous morass. Quickly did the horses wear away the grass on the slippery bank and the fatigue of walking was replaced by the more exhilarating motion of sliding with them down to the bottom. I am not positive of this but have some recollection of being forbidden to ride the horses to water. The most popular method was to take with each hand a firm hold of the bridle of horses on either

side raise one's feet from the ground, and be carried down and across. Should one lose one's grip and fall in the bog it was unfortunate. They were just left to their fate. Many probably perished here in the morass at LeMesge but details were never published.

In their mad slide from the top to the bottom of the bank the horses frequently leave the common road and create a deal of unpleasantness amongst the 'Bivvys.' Owners would naturally be a bit straffy, but, considering ourselves blameless we'd assume a look of righteous resignation and continue our giddy trip to the water.

Under these conditions filth birds such as the writer and many more whose names could but won't be given gratuitous publicity were made to feel very much at home. You see, cleaning equipment and such-like tripe was not to be considered. Completely out of the question. Such common-sense things as saddle racks were unthought of. Ask me not why. Sufficient that they were not and for that thanks be to Allah. Saddles were laid upon the ground. No matter if they lay in a pool of mud. As long as they were properly "dressed" officialism was satisfied. There they lay in all their misery behind the horses. With such experts as ourselves in attendance it is doubly pathetic to have to be candid and state that some times horses became untied during the night. The appalling mess one horse can make amongst a flock of saddles resting on the ground must of necessity be seen to be appreciated. No use telling the piequet you love neither himself nor any of his damned fool family. He'll just venture the wish for you to go off somewhere in a lonely spot and essay that which he knows jolly well to be a physical impossibility.

Through all this dullness is a solitary ray of brightness which gives us the desire to buck up and carry on in spite of everything. No longer do we have to "rise and shine." Just can't be did. A very small minority, (so small and unimportant as to be unworthy of the couple of lines they fill) attempted the impossible and lived to regret it. Why? Well! Sergeants gain some little knowledge of human nature from the office held by them. Seeing a man trying to

polish up when polishing is not even asked for brands that man as something incomplete. His thinking apparatus is kinked or something. At all events here is given into the hands of a sergeant a simp who'll do two "guards" on end without a murmur. These are the beloved of N.C.O's. As a class they are a step lower in intelligence than they who persistently offer themselves when a call is sent out for volunteers to dig latrines or perform any such task that calls for skill and industry. Volunteers are well enough in their place. The trouble is to find this place. Right enough in magazine stories of the cheap variety, or when something really big is to be accomplished. Elsewhere the volunteer is a delusion and a snare. That the volunteer is worth ten pressed men is just so much guff. In back areas the man who volunteers is the man hoping to land something soft. Personally I fail to find the slightest virtue in his eagerness to be up and doing. Either is he not quite all there or hopes to curry favour under false pretences. From personal observation it seems to me that the man who volunteers is the man who will "get it in the neck" for a fault excused he who does just what he cannot avoid.

Which reminds me.

Many years ago we were employed building rather elaborate trenches up at Kemmel. This particular day, before proceeding with the set "task," the Engineer officer asked were there any carpenters in the gang.

Sensing something easy, I, to the wonderment of all, stepped out like a little man and declared myself a carpenter.

Judging me to be a skilled member of this profession, they supplied a bill-hook and bade me hack branches from trees lying on the ground.

Much better than digging, anyway.

All this to show there are times when one can safely volunteer one's services, always providing, of course, that these services be professional.

As far as I can remember this is the last time I volunteered for any job in the Army.

Until "detailed" I was voiceless.

Being "detailed" gave me the

(Continued on page 19)





## *"The Roarin' Game!"*

WHEN flingin' the stanes and soopin' them hame, there's nothing like a pipeful of —

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## Some Recollections of Service with the Imperials.

KASSASSIN—9th SEPTEMBER, 1882.

By Brigadier-General C. F. Winter, R. of O.

(Reprinted from the Canadian Defence Quarterly with their kind permission.

(Concluded)

The guns continued their duel overhead while the opposing lines of infantry advanced to within about 500 yds. of each other. Our supports were now merged in the firing line and as the reserve moved up closer we began to meet stretcher bearers with wounded men and others overcome by the sun. The day was sultry and oppressive and as we had been turned out so suddenly the troops had had no breakfast and had very little water; as it now approached noon many were suffering severely and a number of sun strokes were reported. Both sides were now employing independent fire and there being absolutely no wind the smoke of the black powder hung like a veritable white wall in front of the firing lines. Very soon our more accurate fire began to show effect, the opposing fire grew feebler and soon, through the enemy's attenuated smoke screen, we could see large numbers of men retiring without formation. For us this was a joyful moment; a rapid advance at once began, soon taking us up to the ground that had been occupied by the "white coats," and it was clearly evident that the enemy's troops were in full retreat. Here we came upon the first we had seen of the enemy's dead—four or five casualties which they had been unable to get away, close together, lying as they had fallen with many empty cartridge cases about. We were naturally curious to thus inspect at close hand the men who had been firing against us; one, a tall fine-looking man of about thirty, was lying on his back—the Martini bullet had hit him in the centre of his fine, black mustache just under the nose and passed out at the nape of the neck; he must have been killed instantly. They were well equipped and carried a roll or service book in a small tin cylinder attached to the waist-belt alongside the bayonet scabbard, a record of their ser-

vice and accounts similar to our own soldiers' "small book" or pocket ledger. Their rifles were Remington from Ilian, N.Y., and their black leather belts and pouches bore the stamp of the English makers in Westminster, London! A little farther on we passed here and there dead and dying horses, victims of our shell fire of the early morning. The most of their guns got away successfully, but two, from which the drivers scampered off with the horses rather than face the fire directed upon them, were captured by our infantry.

In connection with the capture of these guns a very pretty and interesting little incident occurred. On reaching the first gun our men found standing calmly beside it and quite alone, one of the enemy's officers who offered his sword in surrender. Not understanding his gesture, one of our men started to attack him with the bayonet, when one of our officers who understood French came up and prevented his being killed, as he had heard him stating in French that he desired to surrender. General Graham, riding up shortly after, had the prisoner brought before him. Asked why he had not run off like the others, the Egyptian drew himself up proudly and replied that it would ill become him to run away as he had been specially promoted to a commission for gallantry in the action of El-Magfar on 24th August, where he had fought his gun as a sergeant very successfully and had been commended to Arabi Pasha himself by Mahmoud Samy, who was in command at Magfar. The rumour about our camp that night was that Sir Gerald had been so pleased with the young soldier's bearing that he had him to dine at the Staff Officers' Mess that evening, before sending him to the rear with other prisoners of war! A truly chivalric Knight of the old type was General Sir Gerald Graham, V.C.

Just after we had passed the

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guns, our attention was arrested by a great clatter close behind us and we were soon passed by our Commander-in-Chief, Sir Garnet Wolseley, with what remained of his escort of the 19th Hussars. He had of course got word of the attack early in the morning at Ismailia and had started out immediately for the front with his staff and escort. He was naturally anxious, the day frightfully hot and the going heavy, and we were told he had used up three horses and gradually dropped the great majority of his staff and escort in doing the 25 miles to Kassassin. He stopped a moment to speak to Maj. Barton, and enquire where he would find Gen. Graham and then galloped on. He looked flushed and weary and his horse was flecked with foam and almost done up. Shortly afterwards, when about three or four miles to the westward of Kassassin, we got orders to return to camp, as the Commander-in-chief was not ready for his main advance. Some disappointment was felt and we were told that Sir Gerald Graham had urged strongly that he be allowed to push on for Tel-el-Kebir, but of course this was really out of the question that day, as the men were quite exhausted, in need of food and water, and had pretty well used up their ammunition. For the most of us I think the getting back to camp that afternoon was the hardest part of all the day. The sun blazed down like a fiery furnace, there was no water, the lack of food, and the reaction after the excitement and strain of the morning made everyone irritable and depressed. About half a mile from camp I suddenly felt my legs give way beneath me, the landscape seemed to dance and circle round, and then oblivion! I had a sun-stroke and became a casualty for the first time. Fortunately for me it was not a heavy stroke and next morning I was able to sit up and beg the C.O. not to send me to hospital, for as the only Canadian in the Corps I wished to see Cairo and help in carrying the campaign to a successful conclusion. Maj. Barton had originally joined his regiment in Canada when a young Ensign, in 1866, during the Fenian Raids, and was very kindly disposed to anything Canadian on that account. He said he liked the spirit shown and would not send me to hospital until the evening unless

I got worse. Fortunately, the day following the action was a quiet one and I was able to take my place on duty by the evening, so to my great joy was able to "carry on."

Three days later we did the same thing against Tel-el-Kebir that the Egyptians had tried at Kassassin, but with more successful and far-reaching results. Relatively and comparatively "Kassassin" was a small affair in the light of engagements in the Great War, but it had some interesting features, was a spectacular action of the old type, and might have been very different if the Egyptian troops had been well handled, with proper co-operation between the Tel-el-Kebir and Salahieh forces. Their action was a good lesson of how "not to do it."

An incident of the day that aroused much indignation throughout the Army and had eventually far reaching effects, occurred in the afternoon, just after the return of the troops to camp at Kassassin. Some of the cavalry on the Salahieh front were brought into Kassassin to rest and refresh the horses, which for some weeks had had a hard time of it in the desert, on constant patrol and outpost guarding the communications with the Base at Ismailia against surprise. The majority of the poor animals were a sorry sight; very thin and in poor condition, with most of their tails and manes gone, and the men had been told a fresh supply of pressed forage had come up from the ships and would be issued at once. Next to our tents were the horse lines of the 19th Hussars, a unit which especially had had a great deal of the desert work to do from the very first landing of our troops. We were witnesses of the issue of the new forage and saw the bales of pressed hay opened up. Instead of finding wholesome sweet hay for their horses the first few bales when opened disclosed coarse swamp rushes and brush filled in with rubbish and even large stones! Never were seen such substitutes for hay! Thinking this might be the nature of only a few of the bales, all of the others were hastily ripped up only to find them of similar constituents. The indignation of the Hussars was beyond words; they stormed and swore and raved at the army contractors who had carried out such a monstrous iniquity against their own troops facing the

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enemy at the front, and it was a lucky thing for them that they were not present in the flesh anywhere near Kassassin—it would have been a very short shrift for any purveyors or dealers in army forage had the cavalymen been able to get a hold of them that day. Many of the men actually wept with rage when they saw what was provided for their horses. Of course there was a big row and an official inquiry. We were told afterwards that this consignment had been purchased hastily and had been sent out without proper inspection in order to get it to the front in the quickest possible time, and the rascally contractors had taken advantage of the absence of inspection. In the long run it had a good effect because owing to the scandal aroused in this case, in conjunction with a similar disgraceful condition of affairs at Ismailia in regard to the army's medical supplies, a new and more rigid inspection of all supplies was inaugurated, and such a thing as the rubbish forage issue of 1882 is not likely to be capable of repetition.

From the point of view of the British troops engaged at Kassassin, the affair presented some features of interest and importance. It was a great demonstration of the value of trained signallers. At this time, flag signalling, "wig-wagging" as it was called, had not long been introduced in the army and was looked upon by many as a fad and a sort of harmless amusement. The late Lt. Colonel Keyser of the "Royal Fusiliers," had made a speciality of this branch of military work and been appointed Signalling Officer to the Expeditionary Force. His men at Kassassin more than fulfilled expectations and were of the utmost value in keeping in touch throughout the action with the Guards at Mahuta, the Commander-in-Chief at Ismailia and while en route to the battle field, as well as with the various mounted posts and patrols along the northern flank towards Salahiéh. Perched on the roof of the only large building at Kassassin, they were throughout the action the special target of some of the enemy's guns, and even when the

building was ablaze and reduced almost to a pile of rubbish the plucky signallers continued waving their dots and dashes in the most approved style. By this means the Guards at Mahuta were early apprized of the surprise attack and put in motion to come to our assistance. The distance was only 12 miles, but the men were fresh off the ships after a fortnight's voyage, the day was exceedingly hot and oppressive, the going was soft and heavy, in many places the men sank to the ankles in the soft sand. Many fell out exhausted, and though all ranks of the "Household Brigade" made a most plucky effort to get up in time, the attack had been repulsed and the enemy were in full retreat before the Guards reached the vicinity of our camp.

Of the aftermath of the action one incident caused a lot of heart-burning and discussion in the Army. Among our casualties of the day was a distinguished officer of mounted infantry who received a very nasty wound in the thigh from a Remington bullet ricocheting off

one of the steel rails of the railway line as he rode along near by. The leg had to be amputated and the bullet, flattened by the impact upon the bone it had smashed, was taken out and kept by the patient as a souvenir. Later, when the awards for the campaign were published, much disappointment was felt by many because no clasp on the war medal was given for "Kassassin." This so enraged the officer above referred to that it was reported that he had sent his bullet with a letter to the War Office to the effect that if the nation was too mean or hard-up to give him a clasp for the action in which he had lost a leg, they could make a clasp for him from the bullet! Considerable correspondence ensued and it was said H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge was very indignant, but was finally mollified by influential friends of the officer in question. However, no clasp for "Kassassin" was issued—men said we were unfortunate that more of the seniors of the Expeditionary Force were not present, when possibly the result might have been different!

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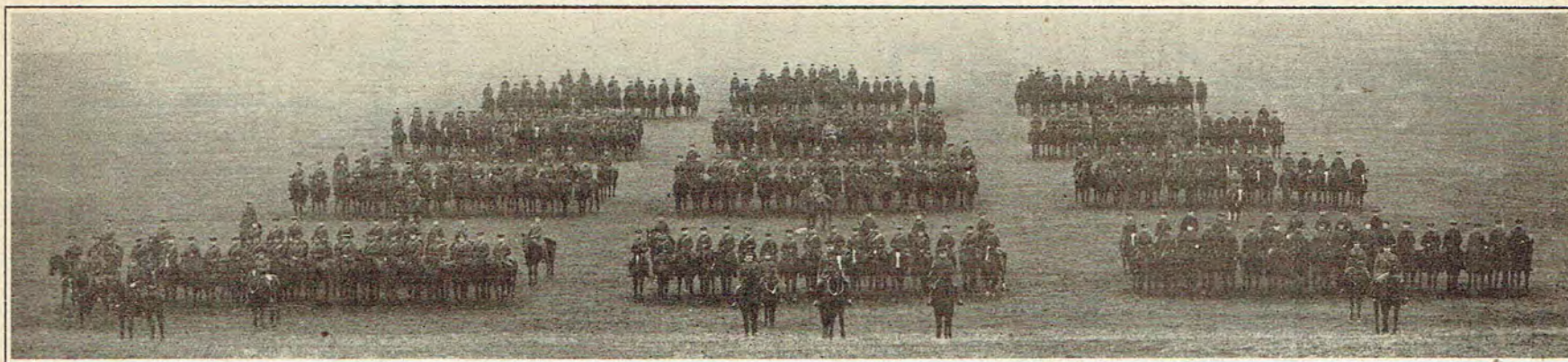
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The Regiment on Salisbury Plains, 1914-15.

## Horses.

### Effect of Racing on Mankind

A pertinent question has been asked, editorially: "What effect has the sport of racing had upon mankind?" If we delve into the history of the subject of racehorse breeding we will find that the cause of the American Colonies receiving the emigrants they did in the period between the reigns of James I. and William III, was that the folk leaving Britain had no sympathy with the profligacy and extravagance of Courts as they then existed. To the minds of these emigrants, practical, as well as puritanical, the increase of the expensive pastime of horse racing and racehorse breeding, and the consequent decline in the breeding and improvement of strong, heavy useful horses, was a calamity as well as something worse! Moreover the vices which then associated with horse racing were especially the aversion of the Puritans.

After the American Revolution a new nation with new sentiments came into existence, but horse racing in many parts of that country was taboo. With New England Puritan, Rhode Island Baptist, New York Dutch, and Pennsylvania Quaker alike, horse racing long remained unpopular. Yet as times grew better after the war and wealth increased the taste for the racehorse increased, but the gambling which followed the racing soon led to the passage of laws against it. New Jersey in 1797 passed a law forbidding all racing, running, and even pacing and trotting. Other States passed laws repressing and forbidding horse racing. What happened?

In those States where trotting was not illegal, buggy racing took the place of horse racing. The

buggy—a light one-horse vehicle with steel springs—came into use, and animals were bred in hundreds to race when attached to these buggies. Racing rose to the dignity of a sport, but it soon fell to the depths. The substitute was worse than the supposed real vice.

Yet the action of the American Puritans brought two good results. It encouraged a breed of harness-horses the like of which, according to American belief, the world has never known. The other good effect was this that when richer folk in America were tired of trotting and its accompanying vices, English owners of thoroughbreds were paid then almost fabulous sums for stallions and mares of repute. True, the English blood-horse was also used for assisting in the development of the trotter, but the sport provided by the high-mettled racer appealed far stronger to the American gentleman.

Let us look at home and think of those simple and early days of heat racing in truly rural, albeit oft-quoted, Merrie England. Horses were merely duns and bays and chestnuts, and the colours of their riders simply black and white, and perhaps a yellow. The Gay Lord Quex raced his horse against that of the Knight of the Shire, and also that of the successful Mercer and Brewer from the neighbouring city. The prize was the Silver Bells or the Town Plate.

Until betting was introduced there is never a word in the racing returns of disqualifications or the like, yet, in the earliest race on record, two jockeys were put on foot because they fought on horseback. That was merely a bit of bad sportsmanship, and no blame can be laid upon their shoulders on the score of gambling.

Such days as these were the cleanest times in the sport of rac-

ing. Men and women went to racecourses to enjoy the running, and to secure all the attendant pleasures of a day or a series of days in the fresh air.

### The Dregs Are At The Bottom

Looked at from one point of view, while the sport of racing has had no deterrent effect upon mankind physically, it has morally. Among the lower strata it gives constant employment and cheap thrills to a countless army of course followers and small parasites. Literally, the hangers-on to the average race meeting are the scum of the gutter. They know no trade; the racecourse offers them the means of livelihood. Then, away from the course, the machinery of racing has spread its web to the slums—and the suburbs. The greatest curse of, and the greatest hurt the sport of racing does, is the small gambling, in sixpences and shillings, which goes on from January to December, whether racing is under National Hunt or Jockey Club rules, and among people who cannot afford it. This, naturally must have both a physical and moral effect upon mankind—and womankind too. There is but one means of stopping it, and that is by compelling all who wish to bet to go to a racecourse to do so. The dregs of the prize-ring, the gaol bird with the fear of the law ever

upon him, the forger, the thief, and the whole crew of derelicts are the hangers-on of the average race meeting. But with the institution of the Totalisator it should not be a difficult matter to rid the racecourse of these.

### Some Clean Bookmakers.

Looked at from the other side of the picture—I mean from the effect racing has had upon that class

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of man opprobriously called the bookmaker—one must in fairness say that the sport has been responsible for raising a man much to be admired for his skill at figures, his unswerving honesty, and his happy knack which is the true essence of British sport, to take his bad times in the same spirit as he accepts his good ones.

It should hardly be necessary to point to the careers of such men as John Gully, Jackson, "the Levathan," and in later years Messrs Steel and Peach and George Herring. They mounted to the very top of the ladder of racing fame. And what was the fundamental reason of their so doing? Their honesty, primarily, and their gift of being able to make a book correctly and well. Any fool can make a book, but only a wise man can juggle with thousands of pounds as though they were grains of sand and extricate himself from the maze of long odds, cross bets, hedging bets and others. The men named rose high in the world, and are oft-quoted instances of the accepted sporting term that honesty pays. To-day and through the years which have intervened since Gully's time, there are and have been countless men in the ring, and in other places, against whom no word of dishonest dealing has ever been said.

I know men in the ring at the present moment who have risen from the pit, the stonemason's yard and the fitter's bench. They may be rough-hewed men—indeed they are—but they are honest. They pay. It would be their last thought to fail to meet a settlement. Their address may not be very gentlemanly, their clothes are coarse spun—I recall one bookmaker when he wore a muffler and until late in life he had never known what a linen collar or shirt was. The instinct of some such men is saturated with the true feelings of sport, i.e., to receive happily, to pay out cheerily, to help the maimed, the sick, and the poor, and to share out with others dependent upon or around them some quota of the money or happiness (very often the same thing) that has come unstintingly their way.

These self-raised men—the clean men I am speaking of—are to be admired. As I have said, they have risen from the ranks, from the purlieus of Salford, Manchester, Newcastle, and Leeds. They have had

nothing approaching a completed education. Very probably they were sent to work in the mills or the pits long before they were big boys, but they have found their right spheres in the ring. Their record has to be good, or they would not be in Tattersall's.

To me, as a regular racegoer at one time, as one whose duty it was to record the details of racing, it was a fair test of the honesty of such men to have to obtain from them a return of the prices of the day's betting. Once secured, it never needed amendment, for the simple reason that it was given honestly, and was a fair reflex of their "book." Observation in and around the ring prior to flag-fall soon teaches a man to read the betting as it progresses. Any attempt by a bookmaker to quote wrong odds could easily be detected, but it was never my experience to have to question the giver's word.

Who would dare to say a word against the honesty of the bookmakers who bet against the rail? And, in the majority of cases, where have those bookmakers learned right from wrong and the straight from the crooked? On the racecourse—which is a strong thing to say—yet the fact is indisputable. What splendid men they would have been on the Stock Exchange! you will say.

Very probably, with their master grasp of figures, with their businesslike methods and their honesty, they would have risen even higher in the world, but the Stock Exchange does not call them. In smaller rings on the course, after all, the honest bookmaker preponderates.

The ideal horse-racing would be racing without betting of any sort. We should then immediately get back to the days when clean sport, open air, and exercise all played their conspicuous parts in the pastime. We should then breed our horses with greater ambitions than that of merely sending a mare to a stallion to produce a sprinting machine.—G.T.B. In the *Livestock Journal*, London.

#### Bathing Song

My shower's like a secret vault,  
Whose combination can't be learned;  
In vain I turn the faucet 'round—  
I'm either frozen or I'm burned.

May we take this  
opportunity to wish you  
**A Merry Christmas**  
and **A Happy New Year.**

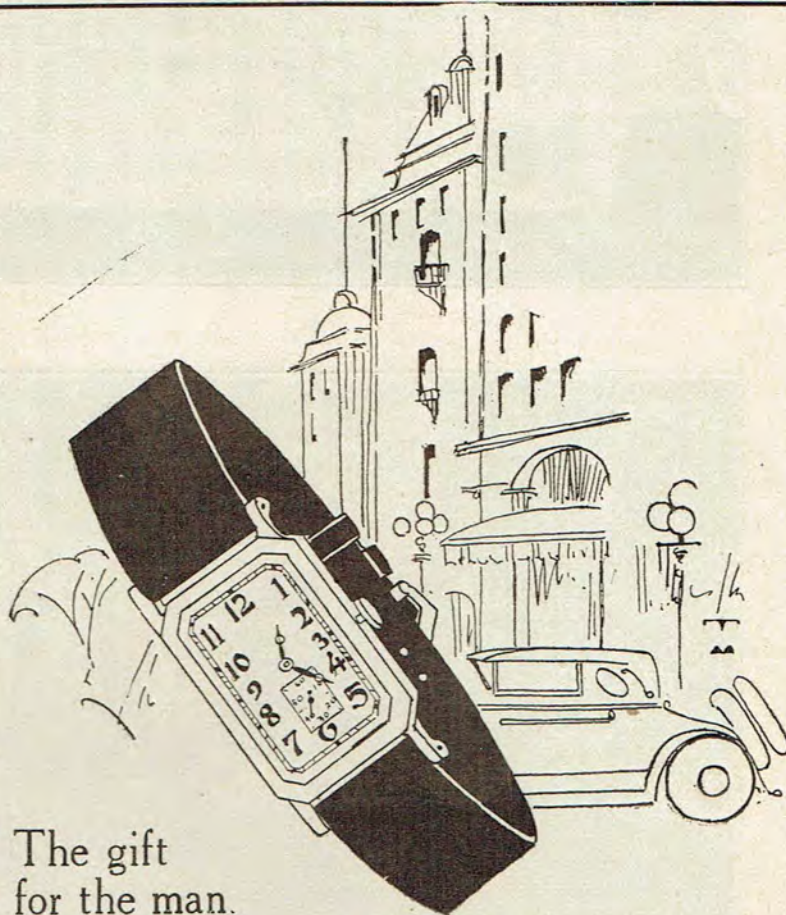


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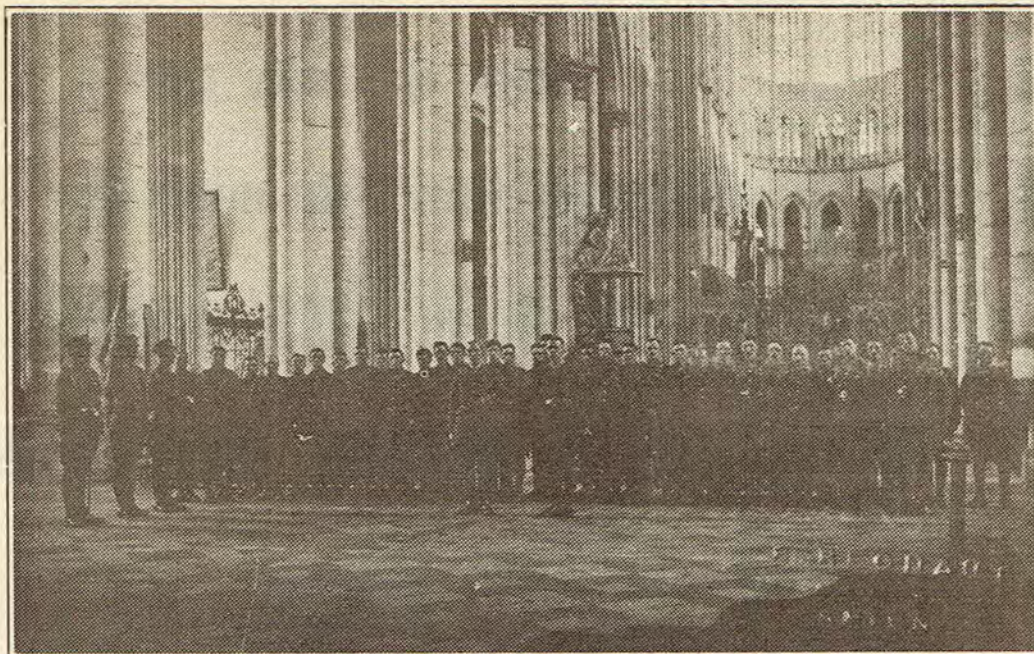


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R.C.D. Memorial Tablet, Amiens Cathedral.



The Unveiling of the R.C.D. Memorial Tablet in the Cathedral at Amiens, France, April 1919, by the Archbishop of Amiens. Notables present included Field Marshal Lord Plumer, and General Belfourier French Army Commander.

## Experiences of a Russian Cavalry Officer.

By Capt. Boris Tchitcherin, Russian Imperial Guard.

### Part III

Already a few days later the local communist party, slightly ahead of times, organized an uprising. In the dead of night the communists surprised and overpowered the guard of the provincial jail, armed the convicts and proceeded to take possession of the city. Later we found in the jail the bayonnetted bodies of the sentries at their posts. This arming of convicts was a favourite method of the communists during the revolution. The criminal element of the country, thus treated, naturally became a staunch supporter of the III International. On this occasion the tactics, if they may be so called, of the liberators of humanity proved to be decidedly faulty. They lost considerable time in marching from the jail to the best hotel in the city dragging the much perturbed chef out of his bed and ordering themselves the best they could have on the menu. It was an hotel servant who gave us the alarm early in the morning. Our opponents, besides their numbers, had a serious advantage in having seized our armoured cars, kept in an outlying garage. They managed to work only one of them, but it was the most formidable, containing a Hotchkiss gun besides two machine guns. It happened to be the cause of one very anxious moment for me. Using the large market place in the centre of the city as a base, with our field guns pointing down the two main thoroughfares of the city, we gradually reconnoitered and enlarged the radius of our operations. With a companion I was detailed off as scout to watch the approaches along one of the smaller streets opening into the market place. The day was frosty and the ground covered with the first snowfall of the season. We lay one in front of another in the gutter using the curb as protection, this being the most convenient point for watching both the street in front of us and another at right





"Mme. Yvonne's house became a popular rendez-vous for the gallants of 'C' Squadron, R.C.D."—Soldiering



5th Overseas Draft, "Depot" Squadron, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, 1916. Lieut. D. S. Gwyn, M.C., Commanding.



3rd Troop, "C" Squadron, R.C.D.,—Tully, 1916.

angles to it. Bullets were whizzing around, but owing to the confusing echoes amongst the buildings, we could not make out their direction. Later we found a woman with a rifle in one of the attics in a nearby house. She courageously confessed to have fired at us, but luckily she was a very poor shot. It must have been getting on towards noon, when I heard the rumble of an engine and a short block ahead of us, not more than fifty yards away, the enemy's armoured car suddenly appeared heading slowly for us. We were helpless, lying on the ground, and there was no time for escape, the houses having all their shutters up and doors barred. A curse muttered by my companion reached my ears and I fairly froze in tense expectation. The whole incident did not last more than a few seconds. Presumably observing one of our field guns on the market place, the driver of the armoured car stopped, barely having taken the curve, and backed out of sight behind the corner house. There engine trouble ensued, which helped our side. When I had reported the matter, our platoon of about twenty men was ordered to attack the car. We made our way through the back door of the building nearest to it, opened the windows facing the street and at a short distance opened fire, aiming at the narrow aperture used by the driver and gunners. A lucky shot killed the former; we found him later dead in his seat with a bullet through his head. The rest of the occupants, six in number, probably fearing to be trapped and lose contact with their forces, tried to get away on foot. (Short work was made of them. The last of them dropped on the steps of the building opposite, through which he was attempting to escape. With the engine trouble quickly remedied and the armoured car in our hands, we were soon masters of the situation.

(To be continued)

(Continued from page 10)

opportunity to question the regularity of the 'detail' and the reason for it. This is advantageous very often.

Considering the many bright, enthusiastic recruits who breathlessly follow my story, I'll dilate no further on this dangerous if fascinating subject.

(To be continued)





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